

JAILBIRD JENNY IN 'THE SUREW*NK REDEMPTION'!

www.paulraymond.com

100%BABES!

CLIP



**DANIELLE
DOES IT ALL!**

**BEHIND
BRAS!**

Jenny's last night of freedom!

PLUS:

INDIA VS. ENGLAND! HANNA HILTON! TOP 5 FRENCH FILLIES!

**RIDE THE
BRIDE!**

*Sasha tries on her
wedding dress!*

**COX
SUCKER!**

*Carla gets mauled
by minx Mia!*

**TEX
MANIAC!**

*Alexis takes
centre stage!*

VOL. 40.7

£4.10



- 04** LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE
- 05** DANIELLE
- 14** ROUGH GUIDE TO INDIA VS. ENGLAND
- 16** SCRUFF JUSTICE
- 17** CARLA & MIA
- 24** POPSHOT CULTURE
- 26** SASHA'S SECRETS
- 34** KIT BAG
- 35** HANNA
- 42** ALEXIS TEXAS
- 53** READERS GIRLFRIEND
- 58** TALKIN' BLUE
- 64** OFF YOUR HEDONIST
- 70** CLUB'S STEREO OF FILTH & LOVE
- 74** PEACHES
- 91** JENNY
- 98** DOWN THE WIRE

EDITORIAL

We're not embarrassed to admit that we wank to our own mag. I mean, how can you spend any time looking at these photos of Sasha, Hanna Hilton, Danielle, Alexis and jailbird Jenny without a stirring in the trouser department? Impossible. How can you resist a stroke to the letters our naughty readers send to us? In fact, if it doesn't pass our personal tug test, it doesn't hit the top shelf. Oh, and welcome to our lovely new Editorial Assistant as well! ♣

EDITOR Andrew Emery
ART EDITOR Jonathan Jenkinson
FEATURES WRITER Matt Loxham
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT Annabel Grabiner
ADVERTISING Mark Hassell
PRODUCTION MANAGER Peter Hatch
PUBLISHING DIRECTOR Andy Thorp



Published by Paul Raymond Publications, a trading division of Tri Active Media Limited (PRP), 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR, England. Tel: 020 7608 6300. Printed by benhamgoodheadprint Limited, Bicester. Custodian of records for PRP is Andy Thorp. Any records the publisher is required by law to maintain are located at 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR, United Kingdom. Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely that it shall not without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of trade, except at the full retail price of £4.10, and it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever or sold to anyone under the age of 18. All contributions, including colour transparencies and photographs, submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk. While every care is taken, neither PRP, nor its agents accept liability for loss or damage. Newstrade distribution by Seymour Distribution Limited, 2 East Poultry Avenue, London, EC1A 9PT. Tel 0207 429 4000. Back numbers and subscriptions enquiries: PO Box 6846, Finchfield, Essex, CM7 4WG or call 01371 811 299. © PRP, 2011. ISSN 0955 1816.

05



35



58



26





JENNY: CRIME SPLAYS!



LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V9NR or email clubint@paulraymond.com. Best letter published every month gets £50

Dear Club

The weekend had arrived – time to put away the dirty mags, and track down some real fanny. I hadn't had sex in seven days, so I was ready to settle for just about any slut who'd drop her knickers after a few white wine spritzers. Staking out a local bar, I couldn't believe my luck when I scoped this gorgeous blonde ordering a drink. I turned on the charm, she fluttered her eyelashes, and just when I thought I might be getting somewhere, she waved a friend over. Then Lady Luck struck again – her friend turned out to be another blonde bombshell.

Maria introduced me to Frieda – they were exchange students – and the three of us proceeded to get drunk together. I'd certainly clicked with Maria, if the hand stroking my thigh meant anything, but I was soon drunk enough to think Frieda might want to join us back at my place.

"I think our new friend's pleased to see us, Frieda," said Maria outrageously, as her hand toyed with my zip. I was as stiff as a judge, and in the taxi home Maria finished what she had started by giving me a blowjob.

Back at my flat we all drank some more, and the blondes danced around each other, their bodies touching. They began embracing, then kissing, their hands exploring each other's curves. Jeans became unbuttoned; bras unfastened... Clearly, the two blonde beauties were hot and horny for all of each other's holes. I'd struck gold!

The three of us moved into my bedroom, where a bare-breasted Maria slid out of her jeans and spread Frieda's legs, proving that the latter wasn't a natural blonde. I unzipped and gave my fully revived cock a stroke while Maria went muff-diving. Frieda caressed her own ample tits as Maria chewed her clit before plumping her rump down on Frieda's

face. Then Maria spread Frieda's cunt lips ready for the vibrator she just happened to have in her handbag.

I just stood there, stroking my dick while watching the vibe tease and torment Frieda's swollen snatch. Just as I was getting desperate to join the show, Frieda started to climax, her hips and arse bucking as she leaked pussy cream over the bedsheets.

Maria was still breathless when I shoved my cock between her lips. "Suck it," I groaned as I finger-fucked her wet pussy. And then when I was there, hard and on the edge, I whipped my bone out of her mouth, spread her thighs wide, pulled her towards me and impaled her on my spearhead. The feel of her

cunt muscles enclosing my shaft spurred me on, thrust followed by thrust, pistoning her fanny until she was wailing in orgasm.

And while Maria was making the bed springs bounce, Frieda remained sprawled post-coital, idly strumming her cooze, and the sight of her drove me even wilder. I slid out of Maria's pulsating gash, rolled Frieda over onto her belly, and stuck it in her from the rear. "Yeah, fuck me," she whimpered as her curvy arse bounced against my stomach.

"Shit!" I snarled through gritted teeth, as I felt my cock twitching all the way from my balls to my helmet, and I let go, spunking again and again, deep inside Frieda's twat.

For much of the rest of the night Maria and Frieda lay naked in each other's arms, gently caressing each other until eventually I could hear their breath deepen and quicken. Then in fresh orgasm their thighs parted, releasing the musky odour of juicy snatch into the room. That made me want some more too, so I muscled in on the girls. While stroking Frieda's puffy labia with one hand, Maria's other hand

STICK VIC IN!

Dear Club,

I am writing this letter to say that I am a great fan of this magazine and I am completely obsessed with firm, round peachy bottoms, shapely toned legs and curvy hips on all these fine, beautiful babes you proudly feature in the pages of your magazine.

I would like to make a request to feature a very sexy beautiful babe I have seen on late night TV who would be amazing in the pages of your magazine. The name of this lady is Victoria Roberts. Her legs are to die for and her bum is so firm and so nicely rounded which is why it would be great to bring this gorgeous lady to bare every asset of her amazing ballerina body... especially that bum, pussy and tight little bumhole in your pages.

N. S, Wolverhampton

We'll be perfectly honest, N.S., we've seen the girl you speak of and, while she has her charms – and that bum is certainly rounded – we're not sure she's Club class. We've got a matrix we feed all our girls through and if they don't pass muster, it makes a horrible noise like the old Mr. Babbage from Family Fortunes.





GOING DOWN UNDER!

Dear Club,

I am writing to let you know how much I love your mag. Excellent. I live in a country town, so I don't get a choice of which issue I get. I just recently bought the *Best of Club*, a pink cover with Dakota on the front cover. Oh my gosh – a goddess, princess, the most beautiful woman on this planet.

I didn't even make it home. I drove down a quiet country road, pulled over and pulled myself. Now not a day goes past when I don't look at Dakota and masturbate.

Adrian, NSW, Australia

Cheers Adrian, Dakota had a similar effect on us, which is why we had to put her on the cover of Best of Club. But, no offence, as you're an Aussie we're not surprised you loved her so much – your wanking alternatives are Plane Jane Superbrain, Mrs Mangel, Germaine Greer and some funnel-web spiders. As we say – no offence.

reached for my cock. She tugged me, then guided my pole between Frieda's thighs. I entered her wet darkness and fucked her with long slow strokes, while Maria lowered her box onto Frieda's tongue.

"I want to taste it," purred Maria. I withdrew my cock from Frieda's gash, and fed it, lubed with Frieda's honey, into Maria's pert mouth. My cock had never felt so hard as when I face-fucked Maria. We kept that up until she took her head off it, and gasped, "I want you inside me."

Maria then went down on Frieda's cunt as I knelt behind her and guided my stiffy into her tunnel of love and screwed hard, while she lapped the cream from Frieda's clam. Lucky isn't the word. I should have bought a lottery ticket that day too!

Mike, Dulwich ♣



PHOTOS: HOLLY RANDALL

EARLY XMAS! ♣

Danielle warms up summer...



We seem to be making a habit of these fireside foxes in recent issues of *Club* – timely what with that spring heatwave and it now being summer. Think of it as a service from us that helps you look forward to the coming winter when you can snuggle up next to a roaring fire with a girl like Danielle. She'll peel you out of your cable-knit sweater and warm you up in no time. Of course, the fact you're reading this in your speedos while sipping a daiquiri at poolside is neither here nor there.

To glean maximum enjoyment from these pictures, just turn the thermostat up to 25, make yourself a hot toddy, put up a tree and some tinsel and spray fake snow all over the inside of your windows. Alternatively, just look at the pictures without a fire in them. They work just as well. ♣













DANIELLE ♣



The England V's India Test Series

Matt Loxham don't like cricket, he love it! And just to prove his love for the game, he's decided to wax lyrical about what 'will be a fascinating clash this summer between two of the sport's best sides'. His words, not ours...



The Lowdown

On July 21st at Lords, two teams will kick off a series of four Test Matches that should have cricket fans around the world on the edge of their seats. On the one hand you have a resurgent India, who were at the time of writing rated the best team in the world and unbeaten in Test Matches under captain Mahendra Singh Dhoni.

On the other you have unpredictable old England, impressive in the recent Ashes series and with grand designs on knocking India off the top spot, but whose ability to consistently mix it with the best is still undoubtedly under question, particularly after the recent post-Aussie-bashing hangover at the Cricket World Cup, where a tired and often clueless outfit limped to the quarter-finals in a competition that India won in thrilling fashion.

Of course, this was a one-day tournament, but it did seem to epitomise the team's knack over the years of achieving greatness before following up with a disappointing flop.

If Andrew Strauss's men, currently ranked third in the pecking order, are to prove their

Test Match credentials and ultimately top the International Cricket Council's World Rankings then they simply have to impress in a series like this one, on home turf against a team in form; a team that won't relinquish their place at the summit of the world order without a plenty of tenacity, flair and determination.

With both sides boasting some brilliant players and potentially inspirational match-winners, the scene is set for what should be a fascinating clash. But which men will be especially pivotal to their team's success this Summer?

Home Heroes

Jimmy Anderson

After a cracking Ashes series that saw him bowl superbly and take 24 wickets in the process, much is now expected from Lancashire's Jimmy Anderson whenever he takes to the field in an England shirt – if he's fit enough to take to the field, that is.

In a career blighted by injury and loss of form, the talented pace-man has struggled with consistency, and fans will be looking for him to prove that he



can stay healthy and regularly bowl with the level of accuracy and threat that he did against the Aussies.

Although he generally takes plenty of wickets, Anderson can also have a tendency to give away a lot of runs, something he will have to cut out if he's to make inroads against a fearsome Indian batting line-up. There's no doubting that Jimmy is a dangerous opponent on his day, but can he overcome the injuries and profligacy to establish himself as a regular Test Match performer at the top level? This summer should go a long way to answering that question.



Kevin Pietersen

He's a high-profile match-winning player with a flamboyant batting style, plenty of attitude and natural talent to burn, but a combination of injuries and poor form have seen Kevin Pietersen endure arguably the worst two years of his entire career. After a patchy (yes, he averaged 60, but much of that was down to a huge knock of 227 scored in the second test at Adelaide) Ashes series followed by the disappointment

of having to return home from the Cricket World Cup with a hernia, Pietersen is a man with a point to prove, and he heaped more pressure on himself recently by saying that he has five years left to become an England legend. No one would bet against this talented and often inspirational player returning to his best and enjoying a mercurial series against the Indians, although in order to achieve it Pietersen will have to achieve the tricky task of overcoming his consistency issues against a formidable bowling line-up – especially if they've got a left-arm spinner, his Achilles heel.

Eoin Morgan

Middlesex batsman Eoin Morgan took a calculated risk when he decided to spend two months playing in the lucrative Indian Premier League competition for the Kolkata Knight Riders rather than scrap for his Test place amassing runs in county cricket. However, it was a gamble that paid off when Morgan was selected for the England squad this Summer ahead of the stay-at-home Ravi Bopara.

An inventive and exciting





middle-order batsman with a reputation for playing audacious shots, Morgan has been compared to a young Kevin Pietersen, and it will be fascinating to see if he copes with the pressure that such comparisons bring against the current best in the world.

Inspirational For India?

Sachin Tendulkar

Widely regarded as one of the greatest batsmen in the history of cricket, Sachin Tendulkar is the highest test match run scorer of all time and a player fans speak of as being the most worshipped cricketer in the game. Not loved, worshipped, but this is no



ordinary sportsman. 'Cricket is my religion, Sachin is my God' goes the saying, such is the messianic regard in which 'The Little Master' is held within the game.

Many insiders believed that Tendulkar would retire after he lifted the Cricket World Cup with India back in April, but unluckily for England he has since come out and said that: "I am enjoying my cricket far too much to retire

from any form of the game."

Indeed, far from being past his best, it could be argued that Tendulkar is in the form of his life, especially when you consider that he was named 'cricket bible' Wisden's Cricketer of the Year in 2010 after scoring more runs than in any other of his 22 years in the sport.



Mahendra Singh Dhoni

Achieving what many thought impossible by rivalling Tendulkar in the popularity stakes is M.S. Dhoni, a flamboyant batsman, record-breaking wicket-keeper, and the current captain of the Indian team. During his tenure India have won the World Twenty20 and the World Cup – in 2007 and 2011 respectively – and last year his team became the first Indian side to whitewash Australia for more than 20 years. Even more worryingly for England, under Dhoni's captaincy India haven't lost a Test Series, a run of form that has seen them currently ranked number one in the world by the International Cricket Council. Tendulkar himself has called Dhoni the best captain he's ever played under – enough said.

Zaheer Khan

After leading the Indian bowling attack in 2000 and then enduring a run of injuries and poor form that saw him dropped from the international side altogether, Zaheer Khan is back on song and considered the spearhead of the Indian bowling attack. A left arm 'fastie' who is famous for his ability to bamboozle batsmen by swinging the ball both left and right, Khan will pose a huge threat to the England batsmen with his pace and movement.



Swami Army vs Barmy Army

The England vs India series should also see a fascinating competition in the stands, too

"Tendulkar is the most worshipped cricketer in the game. Not loved, worshipped"

Indeed, Kevin Pietersen has come out and said that the Khan is the only bowler who can trouble him during the series.



– a competition to see who has the most fanatical supporters in world cricket.

Cricket is the de facto national sport in India, and their fans – often referred to as the 'Swami Army' – are understandably incredibly passionate about the game. Expect a large following of chanting, flag-waving, body-painted support when India take to the field on 21st July.

England, meanwhile, have the legendary Barmy Army, an all-singing, all dancing, mostly all fancy-dress clad legion of tireless fans who travel the world celebrating every wicket and boundary in boisterous fashion. On the field, you can't always rely on England. Off the field, you can always rely on the Barmy Army. Game on... ♣

SCRUFF JUSTICE!

Like Eastenders, but with tits...

RATINGS: ★ ASSHOLES ★★ ASININE ★★★ ASBOS ★★★★★ ASSASSINS ★★★★★ ASS



Assassins

(Digital Playground)



So, one minute we're putting a nice new model called Britney Beth in our magazines and the next thing you know she's gone and changed her name to Bibi Jones and is the youngest starlet ever signed by Digital Playground. See, we know how to pick a winner.

Blonde, pale, big boobs – it's not a science. Here she's joined by fellow stars Jesse Jane and Riley Steele in an action-packed movie that's not short of sexy blondes making cocks go hard and then soft. Follow the plot if you like, or do what we did and just stroke your knob every time one of them do something rude. ★★★★★



My Teenage Blog

(Harmony)

Most blogs we read aren't as interesting as this one. No, they're a load of solipsistic nothing about dull events and dull people. Maybe they – and we – should get out more. The blogs the girls in this film maintain, however, are a cut above. Well, maybe. We were too busy watching them spread their legs, suck cock, get pounded and soak up gouts of jizz to really read too much of them. So – pretty girls (most of them newbies), a threeway, a little bit of bum sex and a vague nod to modern day technology. What's not to like? ★★★★★



Sprint

(Bluebird)

It's good to see British girls in a decently directed mid-budget film but, as much as we enjoyed *Sprint*, it was 'hamstrung' (more athletics puns to follow, groan fans) by the fact that the lovely Anna Lovato doesn't touch a dick in it. Yes, her lesbian scenes are very strokeable, but when she plays her part in an orgy, she gives the batons a wide berth. Still, the other girls don't, including such sweet sluts as Yurizan Beltran, who sounds like she was named after a Ukrainian tractor factory. For some, Anna's lack of length-love may be a hurdle too far. ★★★★★





PHOTOS: BECK IMAGES

COX'S PIPPINS! ♣

Mia tastes Carla's core...



When Carla Cox and her girlfriend Mia get together in the kitchen, don't expect them to rustle you up a sandwich. Nope, they're a right pair of klutzes when it comes to culinary skills, but we'd rather watch these two fuck than see Rick Stein licking out Richard Corrigan.

In fact, they get so down and dirty, that you couldn't even make yourself a sandwich on the kitchen top while you watched, it wouldn't be hygienic. Anyway, who wants to eat when these two are juicing up the room? Just refresh yourself by lapping up some of the many juices they spill... ♣











CARLA & MIA 

POPSHOT CULTURE!

DON'T BE ASHAMED OF YOUR ADDICTION TO PORN. IT'S PERFECTLY NATURAL. AND LOOK! THERE'S LOADS OF IT ON THE INTERNET! YAY! JOIN MATT SANDERS AS HE DELVES IN THE MURK...

PORN STAR RETIREMENT HOME

Where we look back at the cock-slurpers who hung up their chaps...

No. 11 – Hanna Hilton



Blonde hair, blue eyes, tits the size of Tesco bags on their way back from a big shop, Hanna Hilton is everything you want from a porn strumpet. Born in 1984, the former cheerleader moved from Connersville, Indiana to the city of dreams, Los Angeles, when an agent spotted a little lingerie modelling she'd partaken in. And in much the same way that a sniffer of ginger beer leads to crack heroin, the titted mother-of-one started appearing in hardcore movies

in 2008, on account of the fact that her porn stud fella, Jack Venice, refused to give up fucking on film. Initially just appearing alongside Venice in XXX filth for Brazzers and Vivid Pictures, Hilton spent a year looking eminently fuckable whilst getting fucked in smut films and then – poof! – she was gone. A cameo in the shit Bruce Willis sci-fi film *Surrogates* is the last we've seen of Hanna, for now. Maybe she finally persuaded Venice to quit fucking on camera with her, maybe the lure of Hollywood beckoned too hard, and maybe, if we're lucky, she'll reappear with those humungous melons and start slurping schlong on camera one day soon. Until then, fare thee well, Miss Hilton. And please come back to us!

BIRD OFF THE BOIL

YOU WOULD, WOULDN'T YOU? OR WOULD YOU?

THIS MONTH: **Natasha Kaplinsky**



Let me come right off the bat and say, yeah, she'd still get it. Kaplinsky is the rare breed of newsreader who looks like she could remove all the semen from your balls with a couple of tugs whilst informing you of worrying developments in the Middle East, and certainly was one of the (very) few reasons to watch Channel 5

when she was beaver away in their newsroom after scurrying away from the Beeb.

Born in 1972, she got her break in telly in the mid-90s, and worked her way up from crappy daytime magazine shows to being the go-to gal for glam news reporting throughout most of the 2000s. These days she's just another rent-a-celeb who'll appear on any old crap and looking a little bit mumsy for my taste, but she's got a cracking pair of jubbies, a big ol' mouth (all the better for putting penises in) and those come-to-bed-and-diddle-me eyes. She's a darn sight fitter than Moira Stuart anyhow.

Come and follow me on Twitter:
@popshotculture. I want to share my
nasty little world with you...



NEWS OF THE SCREWS

YOUR MONTHLY ROUND-UP OF THE BIG STORIES IN THE PORN BIZ

Indecent Proposal

Vivid Entertainment co-founder Steve Hirsch has sent a letter to Pippa Middleton (you know, the Duchess of Cambridge's fit



sister with the cracking arse) offering the 27-year-old party planner \$5 million to do a hardcore scene for them. "As far as I was concerned, you were the star of the Royal Wedding," wrote Hirsch in the letter, "...and I couldn't help but think with your beauty and attitude, you could be an enormously successful adult star." It is not known whether Ms Middleton has a) read the letter or b) is considering a response. But our fingers are crossed regardless.

BiBi-Sexual

Digital Playground's new contract star, BiBi Jones, was born in 1991. Yes, that's right. I was dropping out of Uni in that year. Fuck. Anyway, BiBi is DP's youngest ever contract performer (not too young, of course) and has already appeared on the cover of *Hustler*, which, according to reports, made her say, "OMG." The bubbly blonde looks like a star in the making, having already appeared on Howard Stern's show, so expect to see her crop up in plenty of mucky movies in the coming months. Her debut, *Assassins* (reviewed on page 16), is a big-budget clumpfest also starring Jesse Jane, and should be available to stream on the ol' interweb any time now.



jizz on my twits

THE BIT ABOUT BABES WHO LOVE TO BLOG...

Trina Michaels is a buxom LA-based fuckpony who's been in the industry nearly ten years now. A trawl through her many tweets over the last few months reveal that she has a proclivity to sing along to bad rap in her car, she likes to quote bad rappers like they're philosophers, she's obsessed with Jack the Ripper (as her recent, hugely clichéd trip to olde London Town will attest) and she really really really really likes sports. A lot. Rather more annoyingly, she isn't one to share her sexual hijinks on the micro-blogging site, so you can't read her filthy tweets and imagine her diddling herself while you tweak one

out. She's not that kinda girl apparently (even if she does fuck for money).

Let's take a little look at some of her recent tweetage:



"After driving 5hrs and my 1 hour of bad sleep, I'm STILL showered and at the airport on time! -cuz that's how pros do things. Lol"



"Is it strange that I almost fell asleep while getting my tattoo worked on? Lol ...getting ink on ur foot ain't no joke! Hurts so good."

"had a wonderful evening with @. Went on the Jack the Ripper walk through London. Followed by a proper fish&chips dinner and wine."



Go on and follow her at www.twitter.com/trinamichaels and see if you can have a word about making her tweets a bit more, you know, explicit. She didn't reply to me when I asked her. In fact, I think I got blocked.

Top Five...

French Birds

Le bonnest of the bon-bons...



5: Emmanuelle Béart

She's getting on a bit now, but this French fancy made many a mid-80s Euro-movie watchable with her fat ol' blowjobby pout. Often got her muff out too. Obviously, we were only watching the movies for a fine appreciation of French cinema and mise en scene.



4: Marion Cotillard

Fit enough to haunt DiCaprio's dreams in *Inception* and convince Oscar-voters she was the ultimate Edith Piaf, Ms. Cotillard has got proper old school cinema idol looks. Marion's one feisty f-word* we'd like to fuck. *frog



3: Virginie Ledoyen

Another Frenchie that DiCaprio's fingerbanged (onscreen, probably), Virginie first appeared in English-language films with *The Beach*, looking pretty damn hot in a bikini. Fuck knows what she's done since, but still, you see her in that bikini?



2: Carla Bruni

Model, songstress, presidential arm-candy, Mrs Sarkozy is pure glam and definitely a cut above that Blair ponk or drab Sam Cam. And we've seen her foo-foo, which can't be said of that many president's wives.



1: Audrey Tautou

She was at her cutest with the pixie-ish bob in *Amélie* but this adorable ball of magnifique still dazzles now, 10 years after that frothy film came out. TEN YEARS! Yeah, I feel old. Blurgh.



PRICKIPEDIA

SEXY SEX FACTS ABOUT SEX

The first public striptease dance was performed in Paris in 1894 (and you probably wouldn't want to see her strip for you now)

Under a microscope, a mouse's sperm is longer than an elephant's (no wonder they're scared of the little fuckers)

A small flaccid cock generally has a greater percentage increase during erection than a larger flaccid cock (which is another excuse you can try on the ladies)

Dendrophilia is a sexual attraction to trees (yep, you have to share the planet with these people)

Sasha's Secrets

Every month, Club's sensational regular girl Sasha will act out your fantasies. She's not shy – write to her and tell her exactly what you want her to do. Who knows, you might be lucky enough to get Britain's fittest lass juicing up over your letter and then making it come to life. Oh, and she gets even dirtier online, where we've got the pics we can't show you in the mag!



Sasha





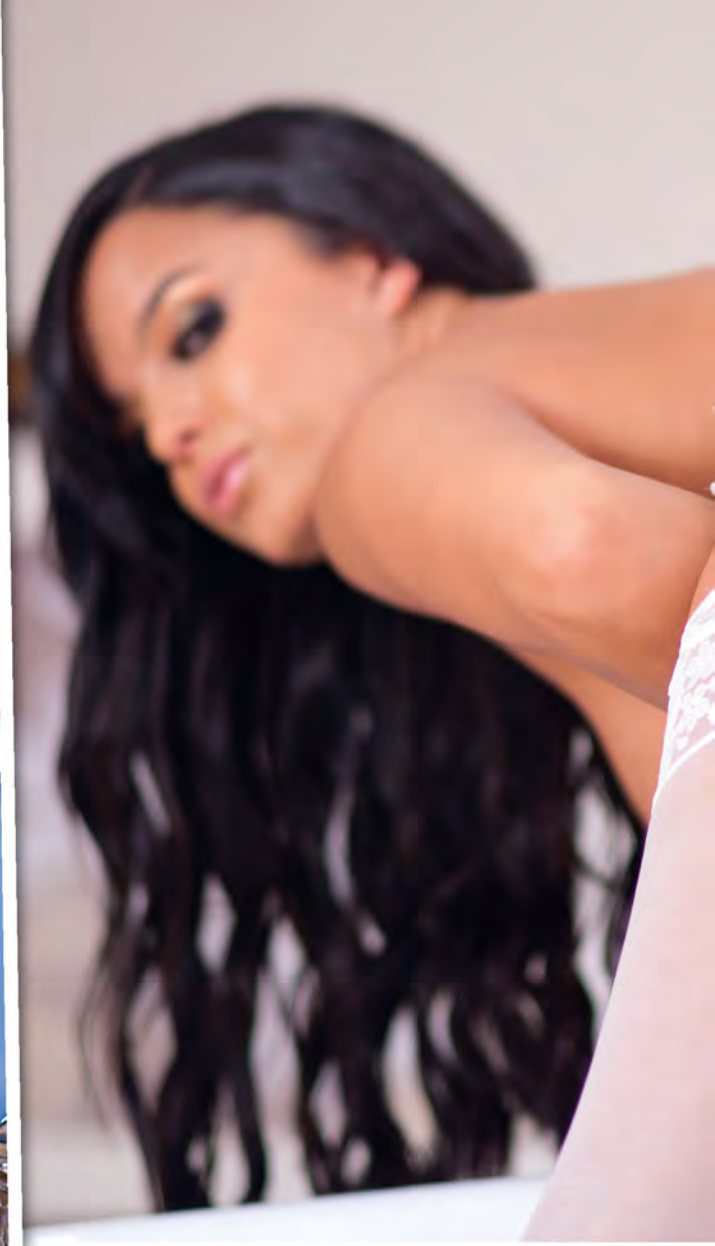




Now, boys, don't panic. I haven't gone and got hitched! I've just had quite a few letters from readers wanting to see me in my wedding dress – must have been Royal Wedding fever!

I wouldn't go for a big frilly affair, dresswise, I'd keep it simple with something like this. After all, if I fancy a quick last freedom fuck with the best man, I wouldn't want him to have to lift loads of layers and negotiate a big train in order to get to my pussy and arse!

Of course, the best bit of the day would be the party, and I'd make sure I got plenty of champagne down me. In fact, that tees me up perfectly for a nice bath with a glass of the fizzy stuff. Anyone fancy joining me? I can't stay single for ever! ♣



Dear Sasha

I realise you're probably a city girl – I imagine you in a trendy apartment like the one in some of your photos – but you've got some big fans out here in the sticks as well. I'd love to see you strutting your stuff on a farm or getting down and dirty in a field. How about it?

Chris, Lincs

Ooh, I love to go wild in the country, Chris. Sex outdoors does it for me big-time and plenty of fields have got imprints of my hands and knees on them from when I've got on all fours to take a hard dicking from behind. Maybe I'll hit the hay next month!

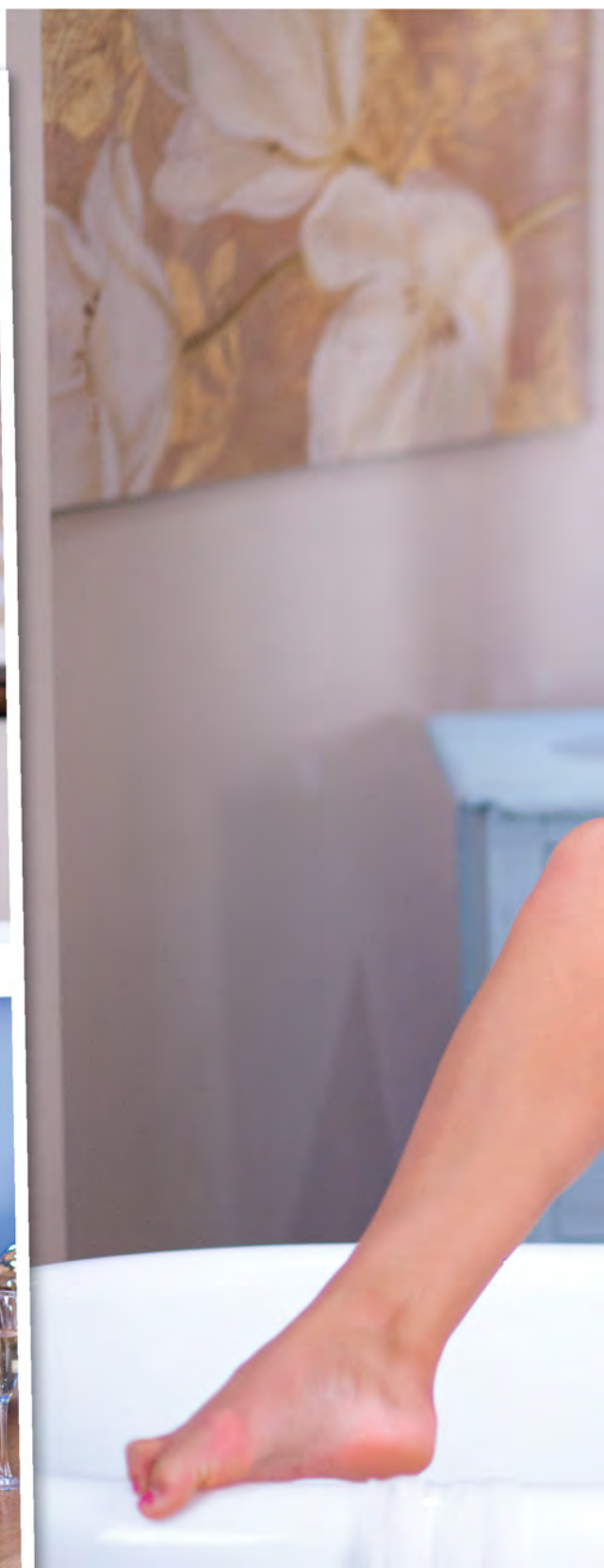


Dear Sasha

I'm a big fan of yours Sasha, and I love to see you with other girls (seeing you with another bloke would make me too jealous!). I wondered, have you got a hit-list of girls you'd like to fuck? Tom, Durham.

I've got a list as long as your arm, Tom! I've fucked a lot of the glamour girls on my list already – Krystal Webb, Danielle Maye – but there are new girls all the time. Katie K is one of the sexiest porn girls and I haven't had the pleasure yet! As for celebs, I really want to get my dirty hands – and tongue – on Doctor Who's new assistant. She's lush! ♠







club's kit bag

The page with very sore thumbs...



▲ Sony Ericsson Xperia Play



▲ Sony SMP-N100



▲ Apple iPad 2

Sony Ericsson Xperia Play

£550

www.sonyericsson.com

If there's any further evidence needed that, despite our proliferation of phones, none of us actually want to talk to each other, this is it. The Xperia Play is a phone, yes, and it does all the phone things you want it

to do (you know, making calls and all that), but its USP is the big lovely screen and the ability to play Playstation games on it. In other words, if you buy this you're going to be sat there next to your bird endlessly playing games while she tries to tell you all about the row she had with the neighbours about parking access. And if you

commute to work, forget about ever reading a book on the train again. In fact, maybe just get rid of the girl and buy an actual Playstation for a fraction of the cost, if that's what you really want.

Pros: A very lovely 4 inch screen, great gaming phone.

Cons: Quite bulky and in no way cheap.

Apple iPad 2

£400

www.apple.com

You might have heard of this little product, seeing as it had similar levels of publicity to the first moon landing. You're bound to share an office with someone who thinks Apple is the devil and that iPads are the emperor's

new clothes. Those people haven't had a go. The new iteration is far from essential, although it probably feels that way to Apple devotees – it just runs a bit faster and smoother, and it's lighter as well. Not light enough to wield as a camera, but that's really not what it's for. It's for apps, internet and watching films and telly in bed. Shush, haters, it's lovely.

Pros: A thing of lightweight beauty. Apps galore.

Cons: Most apps are silly, and the ongoing lack of Flash is annoying.

Sony SMP-N100

£130

www.sony.co.uk

We've been burning downloaded stuff to DVD for years now, so maybe it's time to consider a media streamer like the SMP-N100 and do away with all those coasters. After all, this lets you stream 1080p HD video straight from a USB stick, and its online services are among the market's best. iPlayer plays at something close to broadcast quality, wireless connectivity makes YouTube a doddle and you can stream HD from LoveFilm. On the downside, there's no access to ITV or Channel 4's online players. Expect more services courtesy of a firmware update. Sweet.

Pros: Compact, easy to use, great video playback.

Cons: Some problems with Quicktime format. ♣



PHOTOS: TWISTYS

WARM FRONT! ♣

Hanna Hilton is blowing your way...





Ah, Hanna Hilton, star of the adult world, back in *Club* at last. "It's about time, guys," she chides. "I thought you'd had enough of lil' ole me. I was feeling hurt."

Enough of you, Hanna? Unpossible. Enough of those tits? Unfeasible.

"Why, thanks. I thought maybe your readers didn't like girls with big boobs that love to be wrapped around hard cocks and moved up and down until they're covered in lovely, sticky jizz!"

No. No-one can ever have enough of that. ♣









HANNA 

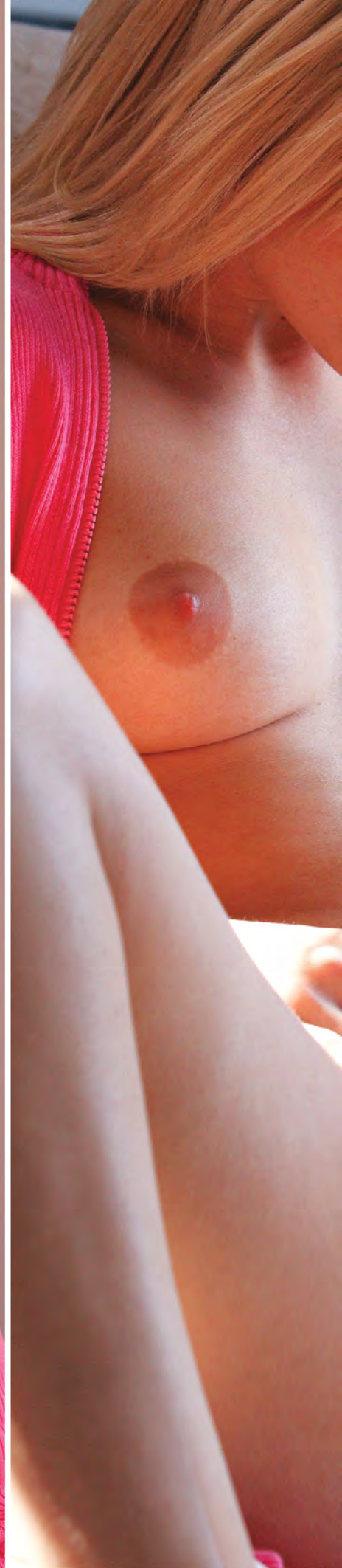




PHOTOS: HICKS PHOTO

TAKE A SEAT! ♣

Alexis proves she's more than just an ace bum!





Famed – justly – for her incredible arse, Alexis Texas is nevertheless a little bit miffed that the public are unfairly maligning her other bits in the process.

“Hey, I’m not complaining too much, I make a nice living from this butt,” she tells us, “but I wouldn’t mind my pussy being the centre of attention occasionally. Or my titties. I put them all on the line for my fans.”

Indeed, and we’d like to be first in line to point out that we’re fans of the whole package.

“Thanks guys. I don’t want to sound precious about it, I’m proud of my ass, but how would you like just being known for your massive dick and for nothing else?”

Erm. We think we could cope... ♣

















READER'S GIRLFRIEND

Fancy a Reader's Girl slot? Then send a picture, along with your name, address and a contact telephone number to: Readers' Girls, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR (or email clubint@paulraymond.com). If you've got the Club look you'll get a top photo shoot and a £250 cheque, too!

NAME: Lacey **AGE:** 22
FAVE SEX: Ruining hotel rooms.
WHAT'S SHE LIKE? A booby brunette who lives to bang!

WHY DID YOU WANT TO APPEAR IN CLUB INTERNATIONAL?

Easy – no other magazine has girls who are a) that hot and b) that sexy. I need both!

SO YOU LIKE THE GIRLS?

Oh, only in magazines and in films, enough to fuel a wank. When it comes to sex only a man and his big dick will do the job.

GOOD TO HEAR. WHAT'S YOUR PARTY TRICK?

I'm not sure I've got one, unless you count wrecking hotel rooms. I love to hire one out, pick a guy to go with, and then fuck him so hard and so long that the place is totally in ruins.

EXPENSIVE HOBBY.

Not if you're not paying, it isn't! I've got into filming sex as well recently. I love watching myself back on my phone afterwards – I see this cum-soaked babe taking it up the arse and it's like looking at a totally different person!

SO YOU GET LOST IN THE MOMENT?

Do I ever. It's no wonder I've left about two dozen hotel rooms looking like bomb-sites! ♣





LACEY





**HAVE A DAY OUT
WITH A TOP
PHOTOGRAPHER,
GET YOUR KIT OFF
AND MAKE £250!**



READER'S GIRL APPLICATION FORM

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PHONE NO. _____

AGE: _____

BRA SIZE: _____

HAIR COLOUR: _____

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN A MEN'S MAG BEFORE? _____

IF SO, WHICH ONE? _____

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT CLUB? _____

PLEASE TICK IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE ON OUR MAILING LIST ☐

**Send to: Club Readers' Girlfriends,
Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street,
London EC1V 9NR**

Please enclose a recent photograph
of yourself, preferably nude,
in underwear or a swimsuit.

Alternatively you can email your
photographs and details to:
clubint@paulraymond.com

TALKIN' BLUE

Got an experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!



BIRTHDAY PLEASANT!

Most surprise parties involve a bunch of people jumping out and yelling "Happy Birthday!" at some poor unsuspecting idiot. Mine involved me coming in my front door to find my girlfriend Claire splayed out on the rug by her mate Judy and my ex, Mary, getting her tits sucked and pussy fingered. What's a birthday boy to do but get his dick out and dive in?

I love to fuck Claire's permanently juiced-up fanny, but I didn't have the heart to interrupt the frig-fun. It would feel hotter and tighter after she'd cum anyway. Besides, I'd never turn down a blowjob, and she was telling me to jam my prick in her mouth, deep as I liked. As she began to suck my helmet, mouth sealed around the ridge, Judy went down on her, lapping at her clit. All the while, she and Mary pulled Claire's pussy open. And

while I'd licked it often enough myself, this was the most tempting it had ever looked, stretched pink and shiny, twitching as her bud got tongue-flicked.

As my cock throbbed in her mouth, Claire switched to jacking me, telling the girls I was ready to cum. They lined up in a row, mouths open and I just let go, spraying them with jizz. They licked it off each other, becoming a mass of writhing limbs, Judy and Mary sixty-nining now, while Claire just licked whatever took her fancy! She asked me who I wanted to fuck first. Mary has one of the tightest cunts I've ever fucked, but I'd been wanting to bang Judy for a while now and her arse was already perfectly positioned.

I fed Mary a length of dick and, after a slow, strong suck, she wedged my knob into Judy's snatch. It clamped tight, then pulsed around my shaft – I tried to keep still, to relish this, but the temptation to start pounding her hard was just too much to resist. I fucked that slippery, squeezing tube, skin slapping and balls swinging in a blur, right above Mary's face.





She crawled out from under us, straddled Judy's bum and shoved her own wet slit right in my face. She was so wet I felt like my tongue was going to slide in right down to the root. And as she frigged her own clit, the juices just kept flowing.

I had to pause, regain control. But, almost instantly, Claire took the opportunity to start licking and sucking my balls. She knows exactly how to get me shooting my mess, sometimes too fast, so I just went back to fucking Judy instead. Immediately, Claire got in position, so Mary could eat her arse.

It was like having my own private orgy. Three hot women vying for my dick – I knew any time I was hard, I'd immediately get sucked or fucked. Now I was banging into Judy's twat, my face mashing into Mary's slit so hard and deep I wished I didn't have to breathe. Then I was groaning into it as my nuts bunched up and I shot my load.

I pulled out and Mary backed up so I could carry on eating her. And my cum hardly started dripping out of Judy before Claire was helping herself to it, face first. They fucked me way beyond my usual limits and, late the next morning when Judy and Mary finally left our place,

“She was so wet I felt like my tongue was going to slide in right down to the root”

Claire was ready to go again and grasping at my dick.

I ran my hand over her curves, caressing her arse as she wanked me, and I felt a warm slick of lube. She felt my shaft judder in her hand when I realized she wanted it in the arse. Anal isn't an everyday treat for us, but now we had time to take it slow and easy, for her to savour every inch of my dick penetrating her bum.

I took it slow and steady, grinding her cheeks apart. Then, as my balls seized up, I shot blast after blast of cum deep in her arsehole. I guess I don't need to say it was the best birthday surprise I'd ever had...

Robert, Tranmere

NATIONAL DAMP POONS VACATION

I love to travel and I'm fine with going on my own, especially now that there are plenty of websites that hook you up with friendly locals who show you the sights and the fun places

in town.

On my last trip to Eastern Europe, I hung out with a fit blonde named Frida. She was extroverted and very tactile, always touching me as we spoke and making eye contact. I just thought it was a cultural thing at first, then realised maybe she was flirting with me.

She'd already said that I

could crash at her place, save money on a hotel room, and though I had the option of her sofa, I ended up sharing her big bed so we could talk. For a few minutes we just lay there, then she rolled over to face me and started to stroke my hair. I sighed, and she pecked me on the lips, just testing, so I kissed her back deep, using my tongue.

As she ran her hands over my curves, she hiked up the T-shirt I was wearing and sucked on my tits, getting my nipples hard. Then she crouched over my face. She began to rub her clitoris and, as I saw the juices well up in her slit, I just stuck my fingers out to catch them. I licked them clean, and she smiled, asking if I wanted a proper taste. Then she settled, slowly and gracefully, over my face.

I just took in the turned-on scent of her at first, soft and musky, then I began licking up her wetness. She tasted so sweet, so sexy. I really don't go looking for holiday fucks, but if



“I sprawled back, wanking his prick so that it spunked all over my mound”

they find me, I'll relish every touch, every drop of jizz and cunt cream. Suddenly, she pulled off of me, only to spin around and face my feet. Her cunt sank down on my face again, then I felt her mouth connect with my pussy. She fucked her tongue in like a cock, then rasped it right back out.

I obviously wasn't as experienced with other girls as her, but I tried all the tricks I knew. I sucked her clit, then wet a finger in her pussy before sticking it in her arsehole. My ex was into bum fun, and that would get me cumming so hard I'd shiver all over.

Part of me was hoping Frida would have some toys to play with, but she seemed to be more of a tongues and fingers girl – at least for now. And she was loving what I was doing to her arse, so I dripped more saliva on her, and got three fingers deep inside her bum.

My mouth was frenzied

on her clit, her bumhole tightening in waves as she got closer to orgasm. Then, all of a sudden, she came and a load of juices spurted out from her cunt. I never realized you could do that from anal.

Because it took me by surprise the first time, I wanted to see it again. This time I laid Frida on her back, lights on, and did as she told me, slipping my fingers in her cunt, curving them a certain way until I got the right spot, then circling my other fingers on her clit. I took it slow, just feeling, watching, seeing the ripples of ecstasy run through her entire body.

As her arse bucked off of the bed, her moans became screams, but I held on until, with a loud cry, she shot out a big, wet stream of girl cum. I caught some on my tits, put my mouth ready as I coaxed out one more, then I pulled out my fingers and ate her pussy.

I missed out on sightseeing the next day, for blindingly obvious reasons, though no sight in the world could ever beat Frida's pretty pink pussy. I suppose it gives me an excuse to return – she says I'm welcome to sleep over anytime...

Debbie, Wigan



FOR WHOM THE BELLEND TOLLS

When Billy and I moved in together, just the two of us with no other flatmates, our sex life got such a boost. We could fuck all over our new flat, make as much noise as we liked... Strange as it sounds, though, I think I kind of missed the buzz of wondering did anyone know, could they hear my moans?

One morning, I called to Billy who found me sprawled out in the hallway, pussy splayed as I sucked

on my juice-coated vibrator. I told him I needed a real cock inside of my cunt now, and I wasn't moving until I got one. He was hot, sweaty and hard after a morning workout, and I laid him on the tile to cool down, planting my pussy over his cock. As I rode him, cowgirl style, dangling my big tits over his mouth, I heard someone walk up toward our door. Billy seemed oblivious. "Come on, fuck me harder," I moaned, hoping whoever it was would hear me.

They rang the bell, and Billy froze. I wiggled up against his prick, trying to coax him to thrust

again, but he stayed still. Another ring, and I nuzzled his neck, then raised my head and said the caller had gone. This wasn't true, in fact I could just about make out the bloke squinting through a small glass pane set in the door. I didn't know who the fuck he was – still don't – and I really didn't care.

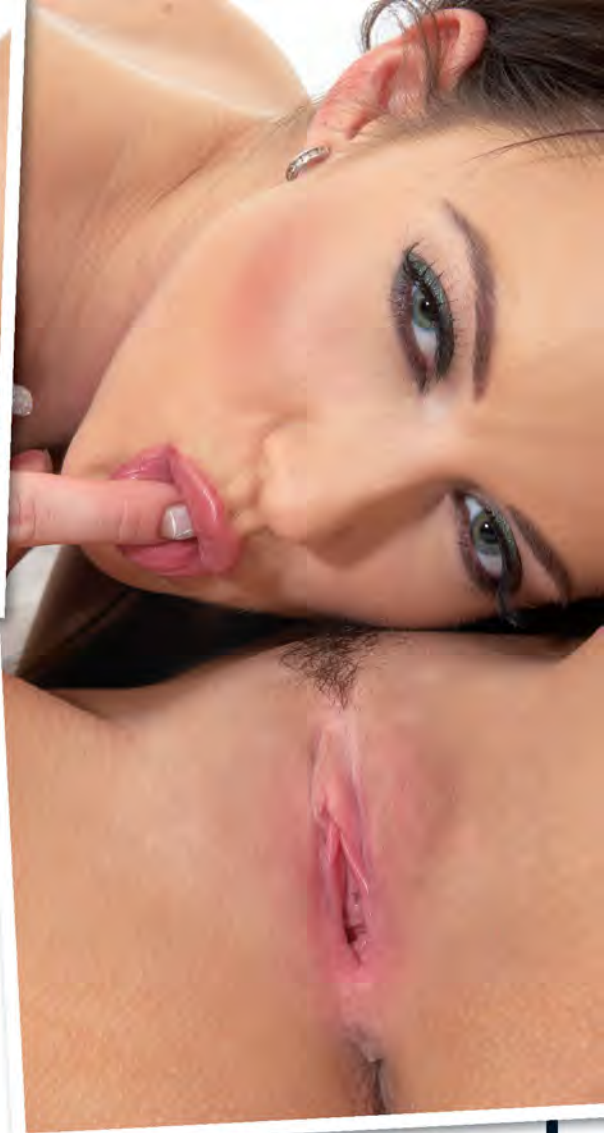
I licked my lips, blew the guy a kiss, a tingle of excitement shooting through my cunt. "I want to cum all over your cock," I told Billy and started to ride him hard, moaning and gasping dirty talk, letting my tits bounce and slap around freely.

"Slow down," Billy groaned, but I ignored him, riding him till I suddenly came really hard. Soon after, I felt his cock jerk and start to shoot in my hole. I pulled off of him and sprawled back, wanking his prick so that it spunked all over my mound, the white ropes melting and sinking into my slit and hole.

He's used to me getting wild when we fuck, so he just slid out from under me, kissed me and said he was taking a shower, if I wanted to join him. I said I'd be there once I'd cum –

I'd already picked up my vibrator. He looked a little confused, like he thought he'd satisfied me already. "I just want to cum again," I said, so he shrugged and walked off.

I winked at the eye peeking through the glass and started to run the vibrator over my naked body, buzzing my nipples stiff



before I skimmed it down over my belly. Then I parted my legs and laid my pussy open with my fingers before using it against my slit. I dipped it in my hole, knowing my voyeur would want to see that – and pounding it deep sensitised me when I pressed it to my clit.

Immediately, I began to squirm, my hot body shivering with pleasure as it made contact with the tile. My pussy was so wet it was hard to build up friction, then a tension seized hold of my entire fanny, before a wave of pleasure crashed through me.

I was trembling, sighing in ecstasy, but I still wasn't done. I flipped over, stuck my arse up in the air and then reached back, powering the vibe into my cunt. I stirred it around, finding the hottest spots, feeling the wetness run down the insides of my thighs.

I could only guess at what the bloke was doing, probably wanking furiously as he watched me fuck myself. Then I shut my eyes, seeing stars as another even stronger orgasm hit. I slid down to lie on my tummy, my vibrator still inside of my pussy, just the last inch or so poking out. That's how Billy found me, breathing heavily, too fucked to move. But a long, slow cunt-licking soon got me ready again...

Helene, Golders Green ♣



INTERNATIONAL club

**OUR BABES GET RUDER
ONLINE. JOIN THEM!**

**HARDCORE
VIDEOS –
YOU CAN
ONLY SEE THIS
STUFF ONLINE!**



**1,000S OF
GIRLS
THAT HAVE
FEATURED IN
PAUL RAYMOND
PUBLICATIONS!**

www.paulraymond.com

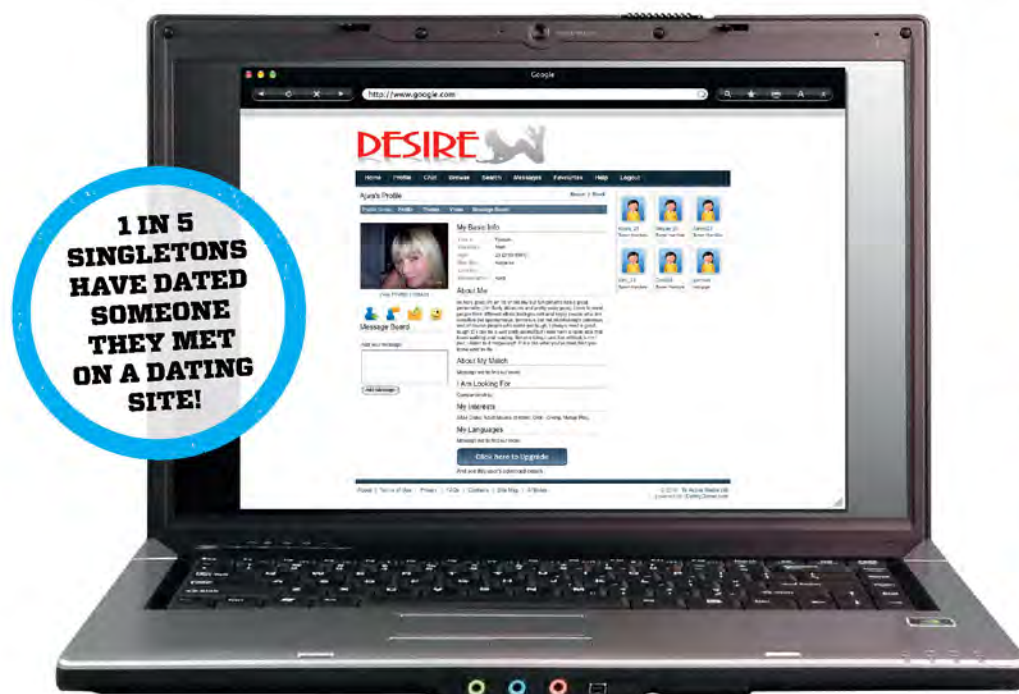
IF YOU WANT TO SEE A BIT MORE YOU CAN GET ALL OF THE GIRLS THAT HAVE BEEN IN MAYFAIR, MEN ONLY, CLUB, ESCORT, RAZZLE AND MENSWORLD AT PAULRAYMOND.COM – **FOR ONLY £14.99 PER MONTH!**



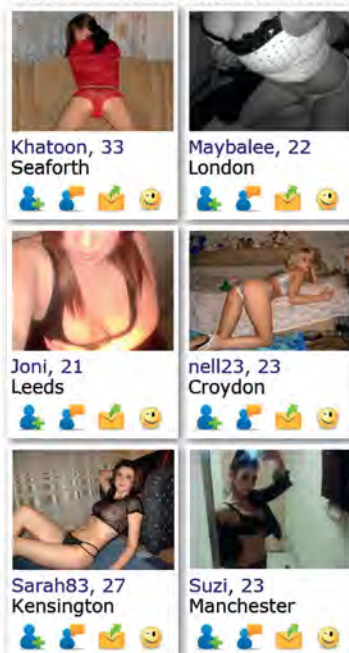
DESIRE

ONLINE DATING
www.desire.co.uk

100% FREE TO SIGN UP
YOU COULD FIND SOMEONE TODAY!



CHAT TO THESE GIRLS TODAY...



WWW.DESIRE.CO.UK

**FIND YOUR
PERFECT MATCH**
OUR COMPATIBILITY PROFILER
WILL FIND YOUR IDEAL PARTNER

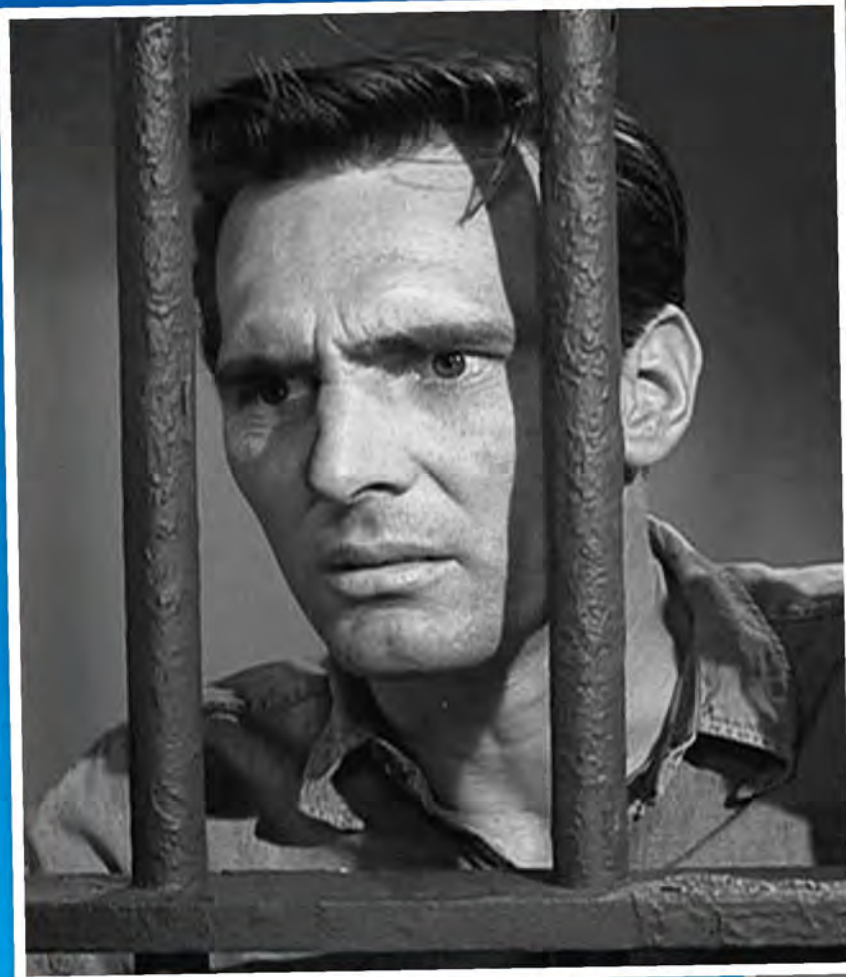
**1000s
OF MEMBERS ONLINE**
FOR YOU TO SEARCH THROUGH
AND GROWING EVERY DAY

**MEET WOMEN
OF ALL AGES**
THERE REALLY IS SOMEONE
FOR EVERYONE!

OFF ♣ YOUR HEDONIST

Quick, before Blockbuster shuts down...

RATINGS: ★ SHITTY ★★ NITTY ★★★ PRETTY ★★★★ KITTY ★★★★★ CLITTY



The Twilight Zone: The Original Series Season 2

(Shock Entertainment, DVD & Blu-ray)

More classic tales with a twist as we reach season 2 of Rod Serling's legendary TV series. Originally screened in 1960 and 1961, the vast majority of these episodes stand up to scrutiny, with only a smattering proving to be hokey hokum. Standouts include *The Invaders*, *Eye of the Beholder* and the ridiculously creepy *Long Distance Call*. The Blu-ray jams in a very generous 25 audio commentaries and 15 radio dramas that aren't on the DVD. Mega.

★★★★★



Salon Kitty

(Argent Films, Blu-ray £19.99)

Trust Tinto Brass. The true story of a Berlin brothel – the titular Salon Kitty – used for espionage purposes by the SS could have been made into a fascinating historical film. Instead, he made it into a fascinating feast of titillation. Bugged so that the SS could keep tabs on the Nazi top brass and foreign diplomats who frequented it, Salon Kitty's depravity is depicted unwaveringly by Brass. While this isn't sexploitation on a par with *Ilsa: She Wolf of the SS*, it's also not exactly hard history. No, it's the lurid fun we expect from the director of *Caligula*, and we wouldn't have it any other way. ★★★★★



New York Ripper

(Shameless Screen Entertainment, Blu-ray £19.99)

While many of the films that found their way onto the 'Video Nasties' list in the UK back in the 1980's have since been passed uncut by the BBFC, the notorious *New York Ripper* certainly hasn't. This version of Lucio Fulci's grim procedural might have scenes never shown before in the UK, but it's still bowdlerised. Lieutenant Williams tries to track down a serial killer who carves up women while squawking in a Donald Duck voice. Its full of twists and turns – and Williams becomes involved with one victim – and it's relentlessly bloody. Even in this still cut form, it's for strong stomachs only. Fans will lap up the extras. ★★★★★



Exile

(FremantleMedia Enterprises, DVD £19.99)

A recent highlight of the spring TV schedules, *Exile* is now available on DVD if you missed it. With a cast that bleeds cathode quality – John Simm, Jim Broadbent, Olivia Colman – it tells the tale of a journalist on the career slide (Simm) going home to live with his Alzheimer's-suffering father (Broadbent) and long-suffering sister (Colman). While investigating what made him leave home many years ago, Simm stumbles upon a deeper mystery. The acting is impeccable, as is the interweaving of closely-observed family drama with a conspiracy theory plot. Either would have been good on its own, having both is a bonus. ★★★★★



club

Competition Corner

Our gift bag is bulging this month, with 3 DVD's of this month's excellent *Exile* and 3 Blu-rays of *Salon Kitty* to give away. We've also got prizes galore from last month's *Hedonist* as well. How about 3 DVDs of *Savage Streets* (Arrow Video), 3 Blu-rays of Di Palma's brilliant *Obsession* (Arrow Video again) and 3 Blu-rays each of Argento's masterful *Tenebrae* and *The Bird with the Crystal Plumage* (those kinds folks at Arrow Video going beyond the call of duty)? Just email the name of your chosen film to clubint@paulraymond.com along with your name and address. We'll draw them at random.



book club

More dickin' than Dickens...

Dream Lover – Paranormal Tales of Erotic Romance

Edited by Kristina Wright (Cleis Press £10.99)

More sexy stories from the crew at Cleis Press, this time with a focus on things not of this world. So if you're into the idea of doing with a fairy or a merman (this is definitely aimed at female readers), then knock yourself out. Editor Kristina Wright is a recipient of the Romance Writers of America's Golden Heart Award, but we're guessing she didn't win it for sentences like "His cock driving into me, his hand holding my hair fast."



The Complete History of the SAS

Nigel McCrery (Andre Deutsch £7.99)

Unless you've been playing close attention, the SAS will probably mean just a few things to you – elite soldiers, storming the Iranian embassy and shit film *Who Dares Wins*. Nigel McCrery adds a bit more flesh to the tale, painting the regiment's formation for us and then drawing on interviews to tell of some of their most famous assignments. It could have been rip-roaring boys own stuff, but unfortunately it's flatter than Kate Moss, and it's hard to get excited about ops in Afghanistan if you're even vaguely sceptical about that war.



Best of Both: When You Just Can't Decide

Edited by Miranda Forbes (Xcite £7.99)

As books of erotic stories go, this delivers. It doesn't spend ages off with the fairies or trying to justify its literary pedigree. It's all about quick set-up and then delivers hard and fast on the sex. And if you're a fan of lesbian antics, you're on to a winner. If your tastes are a little more, erm, 'Brokeback', you'll be as happy as Larry (Grayson) too.



The Mammoth Book of Mixed Martial Arts

Lee Whitehead (Robinson £10.99)

Pretty much anyone who's in this book could kick the living shit out of us. Whitehead's book provides profiles of over 50 MMA fighters, characters like Paul 'The Headhunter' Buentello and Dean 'The Boogeyman' Lister and while it's pretty short on text, it's a great photographic record of a sport that's rising fast to eclipse boxing. Well 'ard.



The Club International

Stereo of Filth & Love!

With Club's fanny-obsessed music madman DJ Radio Jamaica



July 2011

ALBUM REVIEWS

DEPECHE MODE

Remixes 2 81 11 (EMI)

Deal of the century – 13

quid for 3 CDs packed full of

Depeche Mode remixes including 3 different versions of *Personal Jesus*. With efforts from the likes of Royksopp, Digitalism and Darren Price, you'd have to be the most unsociable person in the world to not enjoy this.

NEIL YOUNG

A Treasure (Reprise)

It's useful to have a stash of Young's country music – you never know when a young Gran might want her pipes cleaning

out with a hot beef injection and this is the music which may get her lying horizontal. These live recordings from his 1984-85 US tour might not please today's dubstep youth, but the old skool could well be left smiling.

NERO

Welcome Reality (Mercury)

Want to finger some young girls? Then look no further my friend, for you have found the kings of dubstep and the very

tunes which will make the female youth of today significantly moist. Banging anthems, tons of bass, and massive synths – smelly fingers all the way.

THE SUZUKIS

The Suzukis (Deltasonic)

Do you like lager, fags, football, pornography, gambling, days off, snatch, and the occasional game of darts? Then you'll

probably be receptive towards The Suzukis – 4 lads from Wigan who have been likened to Oasis and The Verve.

JUNIOR BOYS

It's All True (Domino)

Canadian electro pop at its very best – think Hot Chip with a dash of The Cure and you're in the right campsite. Ideal for

Sunday mornings at 9am when you're coming down off those 8 pills from the night before and your bird's snorted all your coke and it's all a bit messy but in a nice way.



RIDE THE OFFICE BIKE...

Club chats to The Suzukis vocalist Chris Veasey and bassist Robert Warnes...

Other than music stuff, what jobs have you done?

CV: We've done all kinds; factories and that. I was a postman for 2 days but I got arrested for stealing the button thing off a traffic light and only got let out half an hour before I was supposed to turn in.

What is the most random thing that has ever happened to you?

RW: I was once on my way to my girlfriend's house on my bike and got shot in the back of the head with an air rifle. The pellet stuck in my scalp and I had to pull it out when I got there. That hurt like fuck.

CV: I was once in a restaurant in London and Ian McKellen, Patrick Stewart and the bloke who played Victor Meldrew walked in.

What has been your biggest fuck up to date?

CV: Not jumping on Victor Meldrew's table and screaming 'I DON'T BELIEEEEEEEVE IT!'.

Have you ever knocked the fuck out of someone?

RW: As a band we've had quite a few fights with each other. I think we've all fought every other band member. I once knocked a lad out with one punch at a Wigan festival and it turned into a big brawl involving about 8 lads, me, Chris and my mum. We came out better.

CV: Last year I badly bruised this lad's knuckles with my jaw – he was fucking gutted. I broke my jaw but I'm getting some compo so it's alright.

Tell us about a crazy night.

RW: There's been a few mad ones. My craziest was when I ended up tripping off pills walking about 5 miles home at 7 in the morning.

Horrible. I stayed in bed for about 4 days after that. Well not worth it.

Have you ever killed an animal, either by accident, or for pleasure?

CV: No I've never killed an animal; I'm like Morrissey, but without the annoying face.

Tell us a story about fingering a Wigan bird.

CV: None in particular, just always remember to put your pie down first.

Have you ever been sucked off at Wigan Pier?

CV: Have you ever been to Wigan Pier? The nightclub? Too much jaw grinding for that I'm afraid.

RW: I think Stu has. There's better places in Wigan to get sucked off than Wigan Pier. It's fucking mingin'.

Where is the most random place you have had sex?

CV: Behind the hairdressers outside Manchester Victoria Station on a Saturday afternoon.

In the whole world, where is your favourite Red Light District?

RW: The prostitutes in Liverpool near the Uni are funny. They're mainly on smack and if you're lost they'll give you directions for a fiver.

Have you got any little fetishes you can tell us about?

RW: What's that one called where you like getting strangled whilst shagging? That one.

Have you ever been caught having a wank?

CV: The other 3 have. Loads of times.

Do you like your ladies shaven or bushy?

CV: Depends what mood I'm in.

RW: Landing strip.

Have you ever shagged a fat bird?

CV: The other 3 have. They bloody loved it.

Have you ever had a 3 some?

CV: The other 3 have.

Cheers lads. Keep on shaggin'.

The Suzuki's debut album is out now on Deltasonic.



July

FESTIVAL

dates

July Festival time - shag a fat bird in someone else's tent...

BEATHERDER FESTIVAL 1st - 3rd

Gisburn, Lancashire

Leftfield, Mylo, Plump DJs, farmland, and loads of hedonistic farmers...

WIRELESS FESTIVAL 1st - 3rd

Hyde Park, London

Loads of fit London birds with Chemical Brothers and Pulp...

T IN THE PARK 8th - 10th

Kinross, Scotland

Foo Fighters, The Strokes, highland toffee & highland pussy...

COCOON IN THE PARK 9th

Leeds

Sven Vath, Ricardo Villalobos & many a recreational drug user...

SHOREDITCH FESTIVAL 9th

Black Lips, Zombie Nation, and plenty of Shoreditch whores...

LATITUDE 14th - 17th

Suffolk

The National, Suede, and loads of posh fanny - don't bother if you just want a quick shag...

LOVEBOX WEEKENDER 15th - 17th

Victoria Park, London

SNOOP DOGG IS PLAYING IN THE PARK!!!
What more do you want?

GLOBAL GATHERING 29th - 30th

Stratford

Underworld, Chase & Status, and lots of chemical warfare...

CAMP BESTIVAL 29th - 31st

Dorset

Primal Scream are playing their first album live - unmissable...



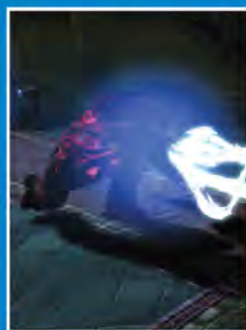
Dungeon Siege 3

(Square Enix)

PS3, Xbox 360, PC

★★★

Dungeon Siege 3 is a strange hybrid of a game. Mix one part *Diablo* with one part *Torchlight*, throw in some beat-em-up action and a sprinkling of *Dragon Age*. And then throw in some other stuff too. But instead of being the mess that such a melange would suggest, this RPG still works and is great fun in co-op mode. Basically it's RPG battles galore, treasure hunting, power-ups, healing spells and some lovely scenery - nothing groundbreaking, but nothing wrong with that when done well. On the downside, the controls can be frustrating, the camera annoying and the action repetitive. But if you miss those days of stalking through dungeons as a wizard, this is the game for you.



Legend of Zelda: Ocarina of Time 3D

(Nintendo)

3DS

★★★★★

For those of you interested in buying a Nintendo 3DS but waiting for its 'killer app', breathe easy. That has now arrived. While the launch titles for the 3DS were okay, this is its first essential, a brilliant and vivid updating of one of the greatest games of all time. *Zelda* fans will be all over this anyway, but even newcomers will be wowed and charmed. It's not just a graphically superior update - there are new features and game modes (the chance to relive all the boss battles against the clock is a great idea), the visuals zing and you've got the slider to decide how much 3D you want.



Kung Fu Panda 2

(THQ)

PS3, Xbox 360, Wii, DS

★★

When magazines do their occasional 'top 10 licensed games list', it only serves to show how few games spun-off from film and TV are any good. Most, to be honest, are shit. You can have 7 decent *Harry Potter* films, but not a single game with anything much to be said for it, for example. Just occasionally, there's a gem. Hopefully that previous sentence won't have led you to believe that *Kung Fu Panda 2* is one such gem. It isn't. It's simplistic, childish, repetitive and pretty bad value for money. As licenses go, it's not even as good as *Minder* on the ZX Spectrum.



ON THE GAME

PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATIONS

10 GREAT MAGS ON SALE TODAY



SUBSCRIBE NOW!



DOWNLOAD DIGITAL
MAGS NOW @
PAULRAYMONDSUBS.COM

SAVE 25% ON COVER PRICE

I WOULD LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE FOLLOWING MAGAZINES:

Club International	(13 ISSUES)	£36.75	☐
Mayfair	(13 ISSUES)	£36.75	☐
Men Only	(13 ISSUES)	£36.75	☐
MensWorld	(13 ISSUES)	£36.75	☐
Just Girls	(13 ISSUES)	£36.75	☐
Escort	(13 ISSUES)	£33.75	☐
Razzle	(13 ISSUES)	£33.75	☐
Swingmag.co.uk	(9 ISSUES)	£25.50	☐
Club DVD	(9 ISSUES)	£40.50	☐
Escort DVD	(9 ISSUES)	£33.75	☐
Escort XXX	(5 ISSUES)	£14.95	☐
Best of Mayfair	(4 ISSUES)	£13.50	☐
Best of Men Only	(5 ISSUES)	£16.85	☐
Best of Club	(4 ISSUES)	£13.50	☐
Escort RW	(4 ISSUES)	£11.95	☐
Mayfair Lingerie	(4 ISSUES)	£13.50	☐
Best of MensWorld	(4 ISSUES)	£13.50	☐
Razzle Extreme	(4 ISSUES)	£11.95	☐
Razzle RW	(5 ISSUES)	£14.95	☐
Razzle MILF	(5 ISSUES)	£14.95	☐

SUBSCRIPTION DELIVERY DETAILS:

Title: _____ First Name: _____ Surname: _____

Address: _____

Postcode: _____

Country: _____

Telephone: _____ Mobile: _____

Email: _____

PAYMENT DETAILS:

Total amount payable: £ _____

VISA ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS ☐ DELTA/MAESTRO ☐

CHEQUE (made payable to PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATIONS)

CARD NUMBER:

VALID FROM: ____/____/____ EXPIRY DATE: ____/____/____

ISSUE NO: _____ SECURITY CODE: _____ (LAST THREE DIGITS)

SIGNATURE: _____ Date: _____

Fill in this form and send it to: SUBSCRIPTIONS, PO BOX 6846, Finchfield, Essex, CM7 4WG. OR YOU CAN CALL THE HOTLINE ON 01371 811 299

FOR INTERNATIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS CALL +44 1371 811 299.

YOU CAN ALSO SUBSCRIBE ONLINE AT WWW.PAULRAYMONDSUBS.COM

ALL MAGAZINES WILL BE SENT IN A DISCREET PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE AND YOUR STATEMENT WILL ONLY SHOW PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATIONS LTD. TO PROTECT YOUR PRIVACY. SUBSCRIPTION STARTS FROM THE FIRST ISSUE AFTER YOUR PAYMENT HAS CLEARED.

We will use the contact details supplied to communicate with you regarding your subscription. Please tick if you do not wish to receive information about other products and services from Paul Raymond Publications by phone ☐ by post ☐ or other carefully screened companies by phone ☐ by post ☐. Please tick if you would like to receive information or offers from Paul Raymond Publications by email ☐. Please tick if you would like to receive information or offers from carefully screened companies by email.

CAN'T FIND YOUR COPY IN THE SHOPS? PLEASE CALL 01895 433700 OR VISIT PAULRAYMONDSUBS.COM



INCLUDING
MAYFAIR
CLASSICS
FROM 70'S,
80'S & 90'S



PEACHES

The place to be for the world's dirtiest backdoor sex stories, where every girl gets a bum deal...



It was my husband, John's 40th birthday last month, so I decided to give him a special treat that he wouldn't forget for a while! I knew that John had always fantasised about a threesome with me and another girl, and whilst I often played along with this whilst we were fucking by telling him all the things that I would be doing if there was ever another girl with us, I never thought that we would ever make his dream come true. But then Beth started work in the same office as me, and we immediately hit it off. Beth was about my age – very pretty – and with a tidy figure to match, which she tended to show off in quite



revealing clothes. You could tell that all the men in the office were crazy for her, but she never seemed that interested. She always came on the office girls' night out, however, and was very lively and chatty.

On one of these nights out, we'd all had quite a bit to drink, and by the end of the night there were just a few of us sat around a table talking, when the conversation turned to men and their fantasies. Each of the girls with partners shared what their men fantasised about, and not surprisingly several of them mentioned threesomes. We all laughed at this, but Beth was surprisingly quiet, until we were getting ready to leave, when she just leaned over to me and very quietly said, "You know, if you ever fancy giving your husband that threesome, I wouldn't say no."

“Beth held his now rock-hard tool and ever-so-slowly began to lick the tip”

I could hardly believe what I was hearing, but before I could answer she was gone, and I was left with my head in a whirl thinking about what she had just said to me, and wondering if she was serious or if it was just the drink talking. I kept thinking about it in the taxi on the way home, getting more and more horny as I did, so that by the time I stumbled through the door my pussy was dripping wet with excitement. I woke John up, and I was so turned on I let him fuck me every which way he fancied like a wanton slut, ending up with him spurting his cum all over my face whilst I massaged his balls with one hand and fingered my arse with the other!

The next morning, I woke up with a sticky face and a monster hangover, but by the time Monday came round I was recovered enough to want to talk with Beth again and see if she was serious. The first chance I got was mid-morning, when I found myself alone with her in the ladies. I thought I'd approach the subject slowly, but as soon as we were alone, Beth said to me, "I meant what I said on Saturday, you know – if you're up for it, so am I." Now there could be no doubt she was serious, so I just blurted out, "How about Thursday – it's his birthday, and I want to give him a special treat."

Beth grinned at me, and said, "Sounds

good – let's start planning."

Over the next few days, Beth and I met each day for lunch and started to plan John's special treat. It turned out Beth had always been bi-sexual, but hadn't been with a man or a woman since she split up with her last girlfriend. She told me that she's fancied me from the first time she met me, which was very flattering, but that she'd also been missing the feel of a real cock inside her, because her last two relationships had been with girls. So when she heard us talking about threesomes, she decided it was an ideal opportunity for her.

As we developed our plan, I got hornier and hornier thinking about it. I didn't know what was turning me on the most – the thought of getting my hands on Beth, or the thought of watching John fuck her whilst I looked on. Luckily, Beth seemed to be up for both.

On the night of John's birthday, Beth came round to our house early before John got home, and went up to our bedroom to start putting our plan into action. When John arrived, I sent him straight up for a shower, and told him that I had a special treat waiting for him. I knew that he'd be expecting a blowjob or to fuck me up the arse, which were my usual presents to him – little did he know that this time I had something even more special lined up.





When her got out of the shower I towelled him dry, and then led him to the bedroom where I sat him down naked on the chair and told him to close his eyes tight. Beth slipped out from behind the door where she was hiding, and my breath caught in my throat when I saw just how sexy she looked. We'd spoken about what we were both going to wear, but even so the sight of her in pure white lace bra and thong panties, with matching suspender and deep lace-top stockings, with four inch stiletto heels and deep red lipstick – well, it was the classic male fantasy. I slipped off the robe that I'd been wearing, revealing my matching outfit, but all in deep black lace rather than white. Beth and I stood together in front of the chair with our arms around each other's waists, and I said gently to John, "You can open your eyes now."

As he did so, I pressed the play button on the remote, and John's favourite porno came on the screen to the side of us, just at the point where the two girls in it were kneeling in front of the male lead and noisily sucking him off.

"This is my girlfriend, Beth," I said, "And that's what you've got coming. But first, watch this." And with that, I leant forward and kissed Beth passionately on the mouth, pushing my tongue in as I did so, and then pulling away ever so slightly so that John

could see that I had. I continued to snog Beth for all I was worth for another minute or two, exploring her mouth with my tongue and feeling her respond with her own as I did so. Then we stepped back from each other and, just as we'd planned, each reached behind to simultaneously unhook our bras and let them slide off us.

One of the girls on the porno was now being fucked up the arse by the male stud whilst she licked her girlfriends' cunt, making plenty of noise about it. But as I glanced at John, his eyes were

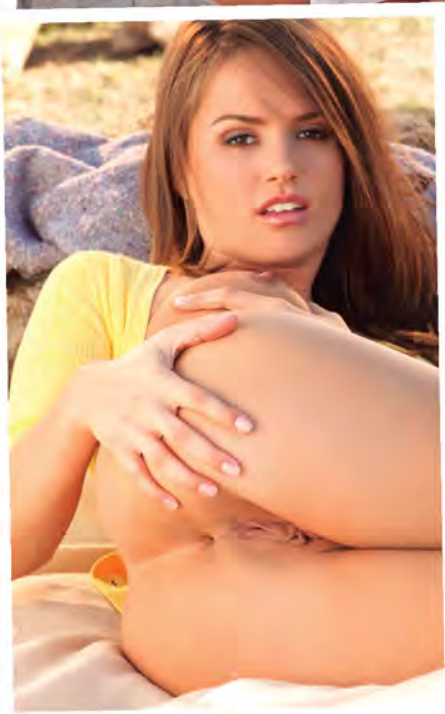
riveted on Beth and me. Beth's tits were smaller than I'd expected – she must have worn push-up bras to work – but still a decent size, very firm, with dark pink nipples sticking out hard in front. We reached forward with opposite hands, and each cupped the others' boob and began to gently caress it. I bent my head down, and began to slowly circle one of Beth's nipples with my tongue, before taking it between my lips and sucking it to full hardness.

"Do you like what you see?" I heard Beth ask John. "God, yes!" I heard him reply, and I looked across to see that his cock was in his hand, and looked about ready to burst it was so swollen. I let Beth's nipple slip from my mouth, and we stepped together to the chair, each taking one of John's hands and pulling him up. I put the cushions from the chair on the floor in front of him, and Beth and I knelt on them, one either side. I took John's heavy ball sack in my hand and began to gently squeeze it, whilst Beth held his now rock-hard tool, and ever-so-slowly began to lick the tip, before opening her painted-red lips wide and taking

the whole head of it into her mouth. I heard John let out a deep sigh, as Beth started to work her mouth up and down his member.

For all that she'd said about her last two affairs being with girls, this clearly wasn't the first time that she'd sucked cock, and she went at it with an enthusiasm and skill that put the porno girls to shame. We had planned to share the blowjob between us, but I was enjoying watching another girl suck my husband off so much that I decided to let her have it, and moved round behind her on my knees so that I could reach forward and





caress her tits while she lapped at John's tool.

Beth let John's cock slip from between her lips, then held it and began to rub it all over her face, the shiny red helmet pressing against her cheeks as she did so. She then took it back in her mouth, and started to repeat the cycle of sucking and rubbing as I massaged her boobs firmly from behind, occasionally pinching a nipple between my thumb and finger.

The girls on the porno had been joined by a second stud now, and one of them had a cock in her pussy whilst the other had his in her arse, with her face buried in the other girl's snatch, muffling her cries of ecstasy. This was all just too much for John, and as Beth rubbed the head of his tool across her face one more time, I heard him call out as a torrent of hot, sticky cum flew out over her cheeks and chin, the force of it making some even splash back on to my face behind Beth.

She let his still-hard cock slip from her hand, and turned to me, her face covered in John's spunk, which was running down on to her smiling lips. She kissed me deeply, and I could taste the cum that she pushed into my mouth with her tongue, as she did so. John had collapsed back in to the chair, so I took Beth's hand and led her over to the bed, pushing her gently to lie back on it. I reached

touch, and more juice flood from Beth's pussy over my face and mouth.

I could sense that she was getting close to coming, and I was incredibly tempted to push her over the edge to experience another woman's climax at my touch. But remembering that this was John's treat I pulled away, the taste of pussy ripe in my

“I squirted a little lube on to Beth's arsehole and massaged it in”

down and took hold of her panties, and she lifted her bum slightly in the air as I pulled them down over her suspenders and stockings and slipped them off past her stiletto heels. I gazed down at her sweet pussy which, like mine, was completely free from hair, and kneeling at the edge of the bed I put my hands on the inside of her thighs and gently spread her legs open. I was greeted by the musky smell of her sex, and I dipped my head forward and inhaled deeply, before trailing kisses upwards on her inner thighs above her lacy stocking tops.

I love the taste of another girl's pussy, and I knew that I wanted that now, so ever-so-gently I pushed out my tongue and began to lick around Beth's fleshy outer lips, before using it to tease them apart and probe her inner folds. She groaned softly, and I looked up to see that she was caressing her breasts as my tongue worked away at her cunt.

I bent forward again, and used two fingers to hold her open as I pushed my tongue deep into her hole, feeling a surge of her sweet-tasting wetness in my mouth as I did so. With my free hand I began to massage her clit, which was larger than mine, and so prominent that I couldn't miss it. I felt it harden under my

mouth, and gently used my hands to position Beth on all fours at the edge of the bed, her arse pushed in the air with cheeks apart, revealing her tempting little puckered brown hole in between.

I cupped her sex in my hand from behind, letting my fingers circle round her clit, and pushed my thumb inside her. She was so wet it slipped in immediately, so I turned to John and said, “I think she's ready for you now.”

He didn't need telling twice, and with his now hard-again-cock in his hand, he approached the bed. I took hold of his tool, and positioned it at Beth's pussy opening, then John slowly pushed forward, and I watched my husband's cock disappear up another woman's cunt for the first time. I couldn't see what was going on in the porno behind us, but from the sounds of it the two studs were giving the girls a good seeing-to, their cries of pleasure a backdrop to Beth's own moans as John began to slide his cock in and out of her sopping wet hole. Every few strokes he pulled his cock all the way out and held it to my mouth for me to suck Beth's juices from it, before returning it to her warm wetness, once more.

As John thrust in and out of Beth's cunt, the



friction caused her arsehole to stretch and relax with each stroke, and this looked so sexy I couldn't resist just dipping my head forward and running my tongue around it, and then flicking the tip over the super-sensitive hole itself.

I've always found having my anus licked an incredible turn on, and from the increased volume of Beth's moans, it seemed that she felt the same. I licked around her sweet little bumhole some more, poking at it with my tongue whilst John continued to slam away at her cunt, and hearing Beth's moans getting louder and louder as we did so. "I want something in my arse, now!" She shouted, so I quickly went over to my bedside cabinet, and took out a tube of lubricant plus my favourite butt-plug, a 4-inch vibrating model, with a narrow tip flaring out to a wide base.

I squirted a little lube on to Beth's arsehole and massaged it in, feeling one, then two of my fingers slip into her arse as I did so. I pulled them out, switched on the vibe on the butt-plug, then held the tip to her hole and gently pushed. The first inch or two slipped in easily with the lube, but as it widened out towards the base I had to use more pressure. "Keep going!" I heard Beth cry, so with John still hammering away at her pussy, and to the sound of the porno behind us, I pushed the

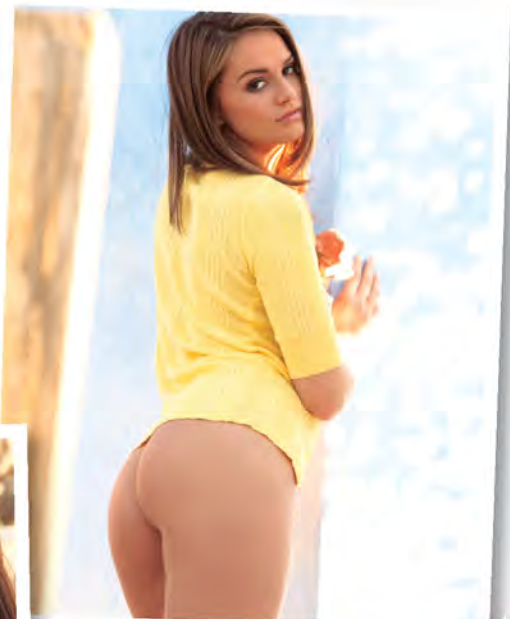
rest of the butt-plug into Beth's arse, watching her little anus twitch and stretch around the thick toy as it slid in.

I knew from personal experience how it must be feeling for Beth to have her arse and pussy filled at the same time, and for John too, as the vibrations of the butt-plug were transmitted to his cock through the walls of her pussy. So it was no surprise that neither of them could hold back much longer, and as Beth started to yell out that she was coming, I heard John shout that he was, too. He slammed his cock into cunt one more time and shot his load deep inside her as she climaxed around him, squirts of her pussy juice raining out over the bed as she did so.

Beth collapsed forward onto the bed, John's cock slipping from her as she did, but the butt-plug remaining firmly lodged up her arse. I knelt on the floor behind her, and leant forward to lap at my husband's spunk as it dribbled slowly out of her cunt, savouring the mixed flavour of pussy and cum. I gently pulled the butt-plug from her arse, hearing a slurping sound as she reluctantly gave it up, and seeing her anus gape a little for a few seconds after it came free, before returning to its normal size. I looked over at John, and could see that he had collapsed back on the chair, fully spent.

"What about me?" I teased him. "When do I get to feel that cock of yours?" He just laughed and replied, "I think that you'd better get Beth to sort you out for now – I'm done for." And with that, Beth rolled over and leant forward, putting her mouth to mine, and cupping my breast with her hand. But once John was hard again, both of our tight arseholes were the first thing on the menu for him...

Jo, Coventry ♣



Got a tale to contribute to Club's arse archive?

Send your bum banter to:

**Peaches, Club International, 3rd Floor,
207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR**

or you can e-mail them to us at

clubint@paulraymond.com.

There's £50 for every letter we print, don't worry, we'll change all the names to protect the not-so-innocent!

£50



PHOTOS: VLT

BANGED TO RIGHTS! ♣

Want to jizz on a prisoner? Here's your chance...



Take your last look at the lovely Jenny in these pages for a while, readers. We don't want to go into the whys and wherefores, but this promising babe will be residing at Her Majesty's pleasure for a little while and boy, we'll miss her.

Still, our loss is the prison shower room's gain, and we can content our feeble minds in the meantime with jokes about screws, Wormwood scrubbers, the bird of Alcatraz, stirring porridge and other juvenile prison puns. If you see this Jenny – keep your head up. And we'll come and break you out any time you want if you promise to nosh us off when we're past the perimeter. We're the ones in the helicopter with a lob-on... ♣











JENNY 

What our well-placed moles are telling us this month...

DOWN THE WIRE



▶ Anti-Smoking Drug 'Made' Actor Waterboard His Bird

Thirty-three-year-old British actor Nicholas Williams has been acquitted of domestic assault even though he confessed to having – among other things – ‘waterboarded’ his then-girlfriend by pulling her shirt over her head and holding her under a shower in the course of a two-hour rampage.

The contrite thespian managed to convince the judge that the anti-smoking drug Champix was to blame, having made him unable to control himself or even to remember any of the regrettable unpleasantness which occurred that fateful evening.



▶ Matador Flees In Case He Gets The Horn

Young Matador Christian Hernandez's big-time bullfighting debut at Plaza Mexico in Mexico City ended in total ignominy recently when he squealed in terror and ran from the ring trembling at his first sight of the bull. Though subsequently grabbed by the collar, turned around and shoved back in again by promoters, he fled once again and this time submitted his resignation with immediate effect. Afterwards, Hernandez told reporters he didn't have the balls but wanted to keep his testicles.

▶ Son Delighted To Find That Long-Lost Mother Is Werewolf

In an emotional climax to an adopted man's intensive search for his birth mother, who gave him up for adoption in 1977, Richard Lorenc of Kansas has succeeded in tracking down his mum, 62-year-old Mrs Vivian Wheeler, of Bakersfield, California, where she recently retired as a circus-sideshow bearded lady – the result of hypertrichosis, also known as Werewolf Syndrome.

Lorenc insists he can see familial similarities through his mother's beard, which is nowadays trimmed to a suave 11 inches.



▶ Tattooed Glove Boy

Thirty-one-year-old Australian tattoo goon Justin Witcombe was absolutely delighted to strip off in the presence of his son and show reporters in Geelong his full body of tattoos, all related to his three idols in life: the rock group KISS, boxer Mike Tyson – resplendent with his gloves up – and his local football team, the mascot of which is inked prominently on his penis shaft.

▶ First MI6 Spy Chief Recommended writing In sperm

A book on the British intelligence service MI6 written by Keith Jeffery has revealed that during The Great War the first chief of the SIS (Secret Intelligence Service) recommended semen as being the best invisible ink, “because it would not react to ink-detecting iodine vapour” and was, of course, “readily available”.

▶ When Ya Gotta Go...

A well-lubricated and unsteady 55-year-old female lush was seriously injured near Defuniak Springs in Florida when she staggered from the rear door of a motor home travelling at speed on the interstate. The woman had walked to the back of the motor home to use the rest room, and, discovering that what seemed to be the onboard khazi door was stuck, shoved her entire weight against it – only to find out when her bonce hit the road that the supposed loo door was in fact the exit.

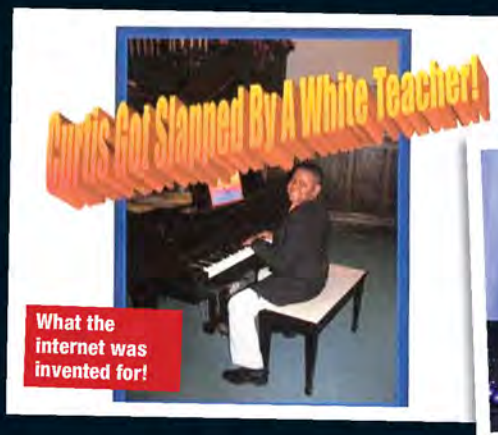


▶ Slap Happy

After her fourth-grade son was allegedly slapped by his white elementary school teacher at a Kansas City, Missouri, elementary school, crazed black mom Lisa Henry Bowen submitted a 40-page list of reparations she expects from President Obama, Vice President Biden, their wives, three senators, and more than 20 other officials.

Included in the demands are \$1.25 million in cash, \$13,500 in Wal-Mart gift cards, Disney World vacations, private tennis lessons, an African safari, free college education, her mortgage paid off, home remodelling, nine years of free medical and dental coverage, and a nine-year ‘consulting contract’ with the school district at \$15,000 a month.

Lisa Henry Bowen even created her own web site for the occasion, *CurtisGotSlapped.com*, and copyrights her name and her son's name throughout the letter, which she begins by identifying herself as the ‘intellectual property owner of fourth grader Curtis Bowen (C)’. ♠



ISSUE 40.8
ON SALE
JULY 15TH
2011

NEXT ISSUE • NEXT

NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISS



Taylor is Taylor-
made for your
cock!



We serve Tea. One
lump or two?



Crisp, clean sheets.
Crisp, dirty girl!

SHE'S BACK!

AND STELLA IS ALL OVER KATHY'S CRACK!



www.paulraymond.xxx



FREE SIGNUP
Choose ANY digital
Magazine, Video & Photo Set
absolutely FREE

SIGN UP NOW

...or go **ALL INCLUSIVE!**

ALL
Digital
Magazines*
Included

ALL
Photo Sets
and videos
Included



* ALL digital Magazines from the date of subscription purchase included